duced to attain this object are often prosaic to the backbone. And let it be well remembered, that in the early Christian churches of Rome, Ravenna, and Constantinople, the altars turn *every possible way except to the east*. There can be no objection to our putting the communion-table in the middle of our church, and there let it be in the centre of the intersection of a Greek cross plan, where every one can see and hear. The arms of our cross shall be lighted with small windows, and in the centre over our altar, we will rear a majestic dome, or lantern, which shall shed a flood of light upon our holy of holies, and we will fill up the inner angles of our cross with lower buildings, which shall accommodate more worshippers, or shall serve as porches, vestries, or baptisteries: this will improve our outline, both externally and internally. At the end of the arms of our cross, we will place our organ in a concave apse, which shall reflect its sounds toward the centre, to be answered at the other end by the white-robed choir.

In domestic architecture, as well as ecclesiastical, I must still hold fast my opinion that, whether uniform or irregular, nothing can be truly picturesque if wanting in breadth. It is a mistake to suppose that it is an easy thing to design irregular buildings: nothing can be falser than the modern principle of taking buildings as they come, and decorating them accordingly. And, again, when you have to deal with broad uniform surfaces and regular openings, do not be in a hurry to do what is called "relieving the monotony of the design." Shun architraves round windows: no one can see them 200 feet off, unless they are of a different colour to the face of the building. I know this is very heterodox, but I will try and illustrate what I mean. Suppose that by some chance or other our window is flush with the external wall, or only recessed one or two inches, then an architrave becomes absolutely necessary: it does the duty of a picture-frame: it separates the window from the wall; but only give your window a good deep reveal and your architrave is superfluous for that purpose.

Burke has put forth a maxim that "depth is sublimer than height;" that it is more awful to look down a precipice than up at a mountain; and I will exaggerate this principle so far as to say, that recess is grander than projection. The ruin of modern domestic architecture is to my mind the small mean projections with which it is composed; the tile and cement work stuck on; architraves, window labels, pilasters, trusses, and such like.

We have just been trying to build a church; now let us try to build a house. We have got a broad surface of wall, with holes in it; so far so good; and however we may decorate our front, let this still remain a broad surface with holes in it. I care not what my surface is: let it be of rough stone or flint, or of squared stone, or of brick, or of broad, smooth, unjointed stucco; and we will have few projections, and those grand ones. A bold horizontal cornice, which shall be, as Ruskin describes, that of the Palazzo Vecchio, at Florence—"a solemn power of projection;" and we will put our parapet on this cornice, and not behind it. We will have no other projections, but string courses of small projection, and rather rich, but not broken, not at all like midway cornices. We will do without labels if we can, but if not, they shall only be dripstones. The only places where I would allow window labels are in very large windows standing alone or very far apart, and they should have very grand and bold ones,—labels which one would feel as one walked by them, like Michelangelo's windows at the Porta Pia, at Rome.

And where are we to put the decorations of our house? I answer that, if our reveals are deep, our house *wants* none, but would be better with some. Mould your reveals well and boldly: this is worth a hundred architraves: then begin your enrichments and ornaments: let the cornice have them first: this is the principal object; then the string courses; and, if you wish to attain great richness, you may ornament every square foot of it from top to bottom without destroying one atom of its breadth. You may fresco it provided the tones are the same; or stripe it like the Veronese churches; or you may sink diapers on it like the Alhambra courts, or you may panel like Giotto's tower; or you may cover it with tracery like the Houses of Parliament; but let it all be equal power, no one part more prominent than the other. But some will say this is too bold, it must have some relief. True. It wants a few points of light, or small dots of shade: the shadows of our cornice and reveals are broad, but that is not enough. Suppose a painter has finished a picture of a broad-toned mountain, or a huge plain, or a vast lake, he wants a few sharp touches in his foreground. A red cloak, or a white handkerchief are worth everything to him; and we want a few black holes or sharp bossy ornaments, like the gargoyles of church towers: anything will do. A good R. W. P. head would be excellent. Now, this is a suggestion for a regular street; but, perhaps, I shall be asked if I do not admire the old picturesque gables of Chester, Coventry, Rochester, Bruges, Mechlin, Rouen, or Nuremberg. I love them more than any domestic architecture existing. The gable is the salvation of all irregular design; it softens down all unpleasant angles. The horizontal line and the triangle are the grandest forms in nature and art, and we may learn from nature how to use them. When the sea is calm the horizontal line is never broken: when our houses are all the same size, let our horizontal line never be broken; but when a storm comes the surface is irregular, and the waves rise in *pyramids*: groups of mountains are also pyramidal forms; but if waves rose in horizontal square masses, or mountains were all shaped like Shakspeare's Cliff, we should not admire them as we do.

Where, then, we cannot keep the horizontal line, as where houses are of different sizes, or on a hill, I would use the gable. Would that Holborn, Fleet-street, and the Strand were all gables; but I would not like to see Westbourne-terrace or Belgravia full of gables. A row of even gables looks as ugly and formal as if the waves of the sea, or a group of mountains were all the same size.

Of all the ways of house-building, the most comical is to see a series of modern houses built on a hill side. I know a street at Clifton built on the Avon rocks, where cornices, windows, string courses, and even verandahs, go rising step-fashion all the way up; but had this been a series of gables, how it would have chastened down the whole into perfect repose.

To one other point I attach great importance. Nothing makes architecture so grand as *grand perforations*; and no perforations are so grand as those cut right through, with the sky showing. This is a point very seldom attainable in modern architecture, but may be sometimes in gates or park entrances. I feel sure this is one great cause of the picturesqueness of ruins. This was one of the very few points which the debased architects of the Roman empire understood thoroughly. Witness their theatres, amphitheatres, and aqueducts, and, above all, the black gate at Treves. There is one point remains, and that I will not now touch upon: I mean the broad treatment of ornament; but I think I have said enough already to show that this is a subject at least worth thinking about.

"Shall I send in a design for St. George's Hall?" asked young Elmes of Haydon. "By all means, my boy, and let it be something grand; none of your cut-up things." And nobly he obeyed the injunction; but how few have done the same. Not Wilkins with his pavilions and projections; not Inigo Jones with his broken entablatures; not Adams with his pilaster slips; not even Wren with his convex and concave surfaces, studied this principle, men of genius as they were.

I hate indulging in the solemn cant about the decline of architecture: many modern buildings are good instances of breadth, repose, and quiet grandeur; and with such works as the Houses of Parliament, the Reform Club, and St. George's Hall before us, one would think that John Bull would wish to preserve everything that is grand to transmit to posterity, as being evidences of our own grandeur, and to destroy everything flimsy for our own credit's sake.

A. Bailey.

THE LATE SAMUEL PROUT.

Your periodical, which, fortunately for the cause of architecture and art, has not only acquired popularity but deserved credit, occasionally notices the decease and character of public persons who have been connected with both. You will not hesitate therefore to appropriate a small space to the name and memory of Samuel Prout, an artist, who has passed from us, but who during many successive years afforded much information and pleasure to thousands of lovers of art, by drawings exhibited in the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.

In December, 1901, I left London for Cornwall, *via* Chippenham, Bath, Exeter, and Plymouth, at each of which places I sojourned a few days. In the last town I became acquainted with Mr. Haydon, a respectable bookseller, to whom I was introduced by my friend Mr. Northcote, R.A. In the reading-room of Mr. Haydon, I met his son Benjamin, then a youth, and the Rev. John Bidlake, D.D. who was mentor of the grammar-school of the town, under whose tuition were Benjamin, who afterwards became eminent in art and literature; Master Howard Nathaniel, a *protégé* of the good divine's, who published a very clever translation of Dante's "Inferno" into blank verse; and Samuel Prout, then a youth of about seventeen. This party, with Mr. Williams, a professional artist, interested me in an extraordinary manner, for the master and his pupils seemed imbued with one feeling—one ruling passion—a love of literature and art.

Wishing to have drawings of buildings and scenes in Cornwall for the "Beauties of England," I offered to take Mr. Prout with me into that county, and pay his expenses. His parents cheerfully agreed to this proposal, and the youth was delighted with an anticipated treat. My intention was to enter at Saltash, at the south-east corner of the county, walk thence to the Land's-End, calling at and examining towns, seats, ancient buildings, and remarkable objects, on or near to the line of the main public road. Unfortunately for the pedestrian author and artist, neither of whom was hardy or robust in constitution, the time of year was unpropitious, and we had to encounter rain, snow, cold, and other accompanying unpleasantries.

Our first day's walk was from Plymouth to St. Germains through a heavy fall of snow. On reaching the latter borough town, our reception at the inn was not calculated to afford much comfort or a pleasant presage for the peripatetics through Cornwall in winter. The small room into which we were shown certainly had a fireplace, and something like a fire; at least there was abundance of smoke, which seemed to prefer the apartment to the chimney. It was truly miserable. Our approach to the bed-room was by a flight of stone steps, on the outside of the house. The object of visiting this place was to draw and describe the old parish church, which is within the grounds of the seat of Port Elliot, belonging to Lord Elliot. Prout's first task was to make a sketch of the west end of this building, which is of early Norman architecture, with two towers, one of which is square, the other octagonal. Between these is a large semi-circular doorway, with several receding arches, but there is very little of other detail. My young artist was, however, sadly embarrassed, not knowing where to begin, how to settle the perspective, or determine the relative proportions of the heights and widths of parts. He continued before the building for four or five hours, and at last his sketch was so inaccurate in proportion and detail, that it was unfit for engraving. This was a mortifying beginning both to the author and the artist. He began another sketch the next morning, and persevered at it nearly the whole day; but still failed to obtain such a drawing as I could have engraved.

His next attempt was the church tower of Probus, an enriched and rather elaborate spe-

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